The National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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Pen Pictures of Guerrilla Life in Cuba

By THOMAS C. ESTERMAN.

SYNOPSIS.

The author, an American gun-maker, in business in Manzanillo, being fond of adventurous experiences, was easily persuaded to accompany one of the Cuban officers to a camp in the Eastern province to repair an outfit of Mauser rifles, and he was by no means averse to sharing for awhile the fortunes of the Cuban patriots. He tells of many lively experiences, and in the previous installment describes a successful attack on a party of Spaniards who had sacked a Cuban woman's home.

XV.

"Six mules ahead, and $60 worth of grub," said Lieut. Estevan; "pretty good day's work, without counting those sausage-dogs." But Nemesis is pretty sure to get in a back-handed slap on such occasions, and the Lieutenants were still chuckling over their inventory, when there was a howl of pain in the corral, and one of our men was carried in, writhing and bleeding. A mule he was currying had kicked him in the face with force sufficient to scatter a handful of civilized teeth, but the chimpanzee jaws of our Zampo had weathered the shock, though his lips and nose swelled out of shape in a few minutes.

"*Manteca, manteca,* (fat, some kind of fat,") he moaned, and Corp'l Marquez hastened to hand him a piece of half-melted beef-tallow, though with the remark that cold water would probably do him much more good. But the patient had already applied his peculiar balm, and soon after straightened up again, assuring a group of anxious inquirers that the worst was over, and that the pain would subside in an hour or two.

Is it temperance, or general vital vigor, unimpaired by mental overwork? For some of those reasons, or all combined, semi-savages recover from deperate injuries almost as readily as bears. I once paid a visit of condolence to a Creole who had been dragged by a runaway horse and left samples of his skin all over a six acre patch of cactus thickets, the day before, and who, I supposed, would recline, fever-shaken, in a mummy-shroud of sticking-plaster; but found him sitting up, swearing blasphemously at the dealer in a game of *monte*. The insurgent leader Bandera survived a fall that broke four of his ribs, and five months after recovered from a load of *mochas* (chopped lead—worse than buck-shot) fired into his neck and shoulder from a distance of hardly 20 yards.

by one the unregenerate friars were arraigned for sentence.

"You, there," he hailed Loo Santerre; "where have you been this afternoon?"

"In a butcher-shop, sir," confessed black Loo, entering into the spirit of the game; "just dropped in to explain the Hopocalypse to a sick butcher."

"Oh—I thought so; I can see the stolen sausages sticking out of your pocket. Drop them in right here, and if they should turn out to be dog meat you will have to perform extra penance for not doing better when you had the chance."

"Well, I did my best, and that is all a poor monk with one pocket can do; so"——

"None of your back-talk, now. Next! You, there, Pacheco; what were you doing down in the hollow of that creek this afternoon?"

"Nothing but my duty," replied the defendant from under his Government-blanket cowl; "there's a widow living down there with a pretty daughter, and I had to see how she's getting along with her catechism."

The burlesque was kept up for another half-hour, and if his majesty, King Frederick the Great, had entered our hall with his staff of professional skeptics, I doubt if their boldest scoffer would have ventured to contest the championship of irreverence against these unkempt believers in omens and mountain-spooks.

ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

We started without breakfast the next morning, and I will here venture a remark which the believers in three square meals may denounce as rank heresy, viz, that there must be something unnatural about the custom of an early morning meal, since no other habit is so easily shaken off and so unlikely to be resumed after a few weeks' experiments with a different plan.

Our bushwhackers devoted the morning to culinary pastimes when they had absolutely nothing else to do, but when there was hard work ahead they greatly preferred to get done with and eat the first and last meal at leisure, in the cool of the evening.

"They are just too lazy to cook," will be the probable comment of my New England readers; but laziness was hardly a besetting sin of the world-conquering Romans, who seem also to have stuck to the one-meal plan, at least, as long as they kept conquering.

Capt. Holgar cast an uneasy glance at the eastern highlands, and replied to a remark about the Spaniards tracking us. "They will be on somebody's track, sure enough, before night, and I only hope Castro will keep his word and hurry up."

By way of precaution, we had impressed the henchmen of the Trias place with the idea that we were all going straight south, and if they should be compelled to testify, it was, indeed, quite probable that Col. Parras's detachment would get an opportunity for another skirmish.

Our present road, according to all reports, had been rather neglected by the Spanish scouts; the soil did not favor agriculture, and the scant population had been almost exterminated during the first two years of the war.

The rockiness of the ground had not, however, prevented the growth of trees, and on many of the wayside hills I observed a peculiar phenomenon of the West Indian flora, viz, the intermixture of palms and pines. To the eyes of a northlander there appears to be something incongruous in that combination. One might as soon expect to find zebras and reindeer browsing on the same hillside, but our favorite Christmas tree—possibly after a midway sojourn in Florida and the Carolinas—has contrived to adapt itself to the climate of the Antilles. Cuba, especially, abounds with conifers. Pinar del Rio means riverside pine-woods, and the same sort of evergreens have suggested the name of the Isla de Pinos—an "isle of pines," 500 miles farther south than Cairo, Egypt!

THREE RIVAL GIANTS.

It is a strange sight to see the two rival giants of the vegetable kingdom standing side by side, both evergreens, both overtopping the rank and file of the tanglewoods, both often rising like pillars, a hundred feet and more, without leaf or branch. But in the dividing ranges of the Rio Gallo and Sabanilla their royal prestige is disputed by another tree—the stout-armed Belota oak, which shoots out its powerful horizontal branches like shoulder-hits, and, like our northern beech, has a splendid pedestal of roots spreading several feet above ground. How sturdy and solid it looks, alongside of a *palma real* and similar varieties of what a countryman of mine called "overgrown cabbage." And to clinch its claim to attention, its pretty acorns are edible—quite as well-flavored as filberts, and as mealy as the best Italian chestnuts.

Where the nut-oak thrives there is no risk of absolute famine, and in the Province of Santa Clara, fortified towns, in expectation of a visit from the begging delegate of a rowdy camp, used to hang out signboards with three big capital B's, "*Busca, Belotas, Bestia,* (Go and hunt up belotas, ye bestial bums.")

We passed several deserted ranchos, and about noon reached the ruins of the village of Torillas, once a good-sized hamlet, with a weekly market, now an abode of bats and half a dozen mongrels, all members of one family, that had ventured to disregard Gen. Weyler's interdict. A year ago Torillas had been destroyed, as a breeding-place of incorrigible rebels, and the devastation had sealed their work by a formal warning to "persons caught in the attempt of rebuilding or reinhabiting these ruins."

But the echo of growls from the lair of the North American grizzly had stayed the claws of the tiger-cat, and the building taboo was becoming a dead letter. Lorente Velasco, the reinhabiter, informed us that twice in the course of the last three months Spanish scouts had passed his door without hostile demonstrations, and the last time had even answered his greeting with a brief military salute. The reign-of-terror bullies were evidently losing their grip.

Yes, the rumor of approaching aid from abroad had reached even this out-of-the-way rookery.

"I hear you have a Yanqui along; where is he?" asked the cottager, as our malada crowded about his water-trough. "Come out here, Panchita, and all of you. These gentlemen have an Americano."

"Here; right here," said the mischievous Quartermaster, pointing to one of his Lieutenants, and probably remembering his aversion to African demonstrativeness.

"Here he is! Hurry up and bring the baby, Panchita!" Lieut. Estevan reached for his riding-switch, but it was too late.

WELCOME FOR A YANKEE.

"There! Catch him round the neck, honey," cried Panchita, holding up a grease-beaming brat of four or five Summers. "Kiss him good, dear, and ask him to make his countrymen hurry up and save us."

"The gods alone save you, if you don't get out with that kid. Pull her off, somebody," shrieked the Lieutenant, while the bushwhackers doubled up with laughter.

"*Valgame Dios! que hombres tan arastrados!* (God help me; what a tough crowd"), giggled Panchita, suspecting the hoax.

"Too bad, they cheated you out of all that good time, Don Tomas," laughed Corp'l Marquez, and my identity finally getting established, the squatter shook my arm like a pump-handle.

"You are the first real Yankee I ever saw in my life," said he, still grasping my wrist with both hands. "There came an American trader to our tobacco farm six years ago, but we afterwards found out he was a Jew from Key West. What religion do *your* folks belong to, if I might ask!"

"Turks, of course," promptly replied the Quartermaster.

The squatter eyed him with a gleam of suspicion. "Oh, that's all right," said he, snatching my hand again in his hurry to prevent an estrangement; "that's a very good creed, too, and they are certainly said to be the best fighters in the world"—the main point in this case."

"What makes you think so?" asked Lieut. Estevan.

"Why! Didn't they whip the English?" said the cottager; "and the English beat the French—beat the same French that cleared out everybody else; so why, we wonder, shouldn't those Yankees be able to get away with the Spaniards?"

Somebody in his neighborhood had apparently been studying international history to a purpose.

"Can't you get a mount, sir?" asked my new friend, when we were about to resume our journey. "I've a mule I can lend you as far as the river for nothing."

"No, thank you," said I; "walking suits me better. I would have to get off so often to pick herbs and things. But maybe they do need a mule, and might hire you to go along."

"Yes, look here, will you take half a load as far as our camp for 20 pounds of dried beef?" asked the Captain; "one of our mules is beginning to limp, and you might give us a lift."

"I'll do it for nothing, unless you have more beef than you need," said the diplomatic rancher, and a few minutes after helped us transfer a few of our provision-bags to the pack-saddle of a stout little mountain mule.

"A wonder the recruit-pinchers did not nab you, mule and all," remarked the Captain.

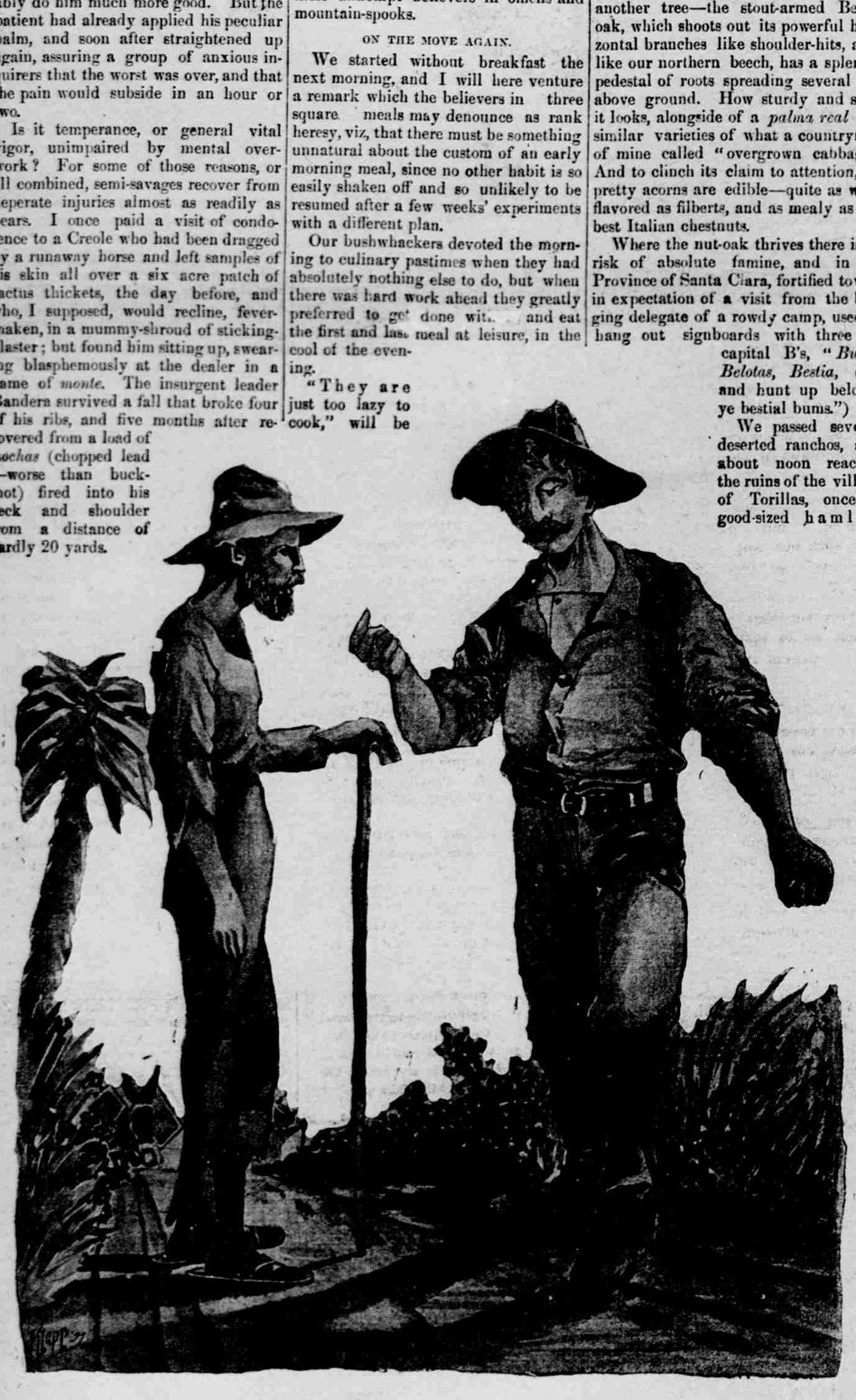
"They did, sir," said the squatter. "I served under Maceo two years; but they had to discharge me; my right hand is nearly gone," holding up a stump, which, I then first noticed, had lost its three best fingers. "And they let me take that mule when I left," he added; "that was all the pay they could give me."

A TRICK THAT FAILED.

Four miles north of Torillas we passed the limestone caverns of Juguez, where a Spanish officer a few years ago attempted the trick practiced in Algeria on a gang of native refugees. After piling up a lot of dry brushwood, he summoned the tenants of the cavern to surrender in five minutes, and then set his woodpile afire. The Algerian Cabyles were smoked to death, like badgers in a burrow; but after waiting for the cooling of the ashes, the truculent Don entered the cave only to find that its main vault had half a dozen additional outlets, and that his auto-da-fe had enriched the realms of Pluto only with the souls of some two hundred bats.

In a different branch of the same cavern explorers had, however, found all sorts of fossil skeletons and prehis-

(Continued on second page.)



"A Little Too Reckless, You Mean," I Suggested. "No, Indeed," Laugeed the Squatter, "He Was as Wary as a Fox. But If He Happened to Be In a Bad Humor"——

INSIDE OF REBELDOM

Life of a Private In the Confederate Army.

BY DR. J. P. CANNON, Co. C, 27th Ala.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dr. Cannon, who was a young Alabama boy when the civil war broke out, entered the rebel army not long previous to the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson. After Shiloh, Dr. Cannon and others of his regiment became members of the 45th Miss., and went on the Kentucky campaign, participating in the battle of Perryville and retreating to Knoxville. Finally they went into Winter quarters at Port Hudson, and were present during the naval attack. They were ordered to Tennessee, then sent back to Jackson, Miss., and moved about, until they engaged at the battle of Baker's Creek, after which they manuvered around Jackson, and after the fall of Vicksburg went to that city.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jackson, Miss., July 10.—The enemy moved up during the night and dug ditches immediately in front of ours. Skirmishing began early, and in a short time artillery opened on us and shells fell thick in our brigade, which still remained at the Governor's Mansion. One of the first shots killed two men and two mules, and stacks of guns were demolished, while we lay as "flat as flitters" on the pavement. It was a hot place while it lasted, but after awhile Jackson's cavalry made a brilliant dash and captured the battery which was annoying us so much. Some excitement was caused by the shooting of a man who deserted the Yankees last Spring and joined us, and who attempted to escape to their lines. No doubt he was a spy, and would have given them valuable information if he had been successful.

Late in the afternoon our regiment was detached from the brigade and placed in the line-of-battle to fill a space which was unoccupied. Featherston's Brigade fronts north, and at his extreme right our line makes a square turn, running south 150 or 200 yards, then turns east again. It is this space that we are required to fill, and it places our regiment at right angles to the enemy's line; consequently every bullet and shell enfilades us from one end to the other and renders it a very undesirable position. We are now attached to Featherston's Brigade, and having established the line, the General told our Colonel (who is not yet off his spree) to make a detail and send for tools to throw up some breastworks. The Colonel raised himself in his stirrups and replied: "Sir, the 27th Ala. don't want any breastworks." "Very well, sir," said the General, and rode off. We did want them, and wanted them bad, too; for the shells were then whizzing along our line in quick succession, and the zip of the minie-ball was altogether too frequent to be pleasant. We had to stand it till night, which was not very long, when the firing ceased, except the shells, which were thrown into the city at intervals all night.

A JOHNNY'S JOKE.

July 11.—The Colonel was not present this morning, and Lieut.-Col. McA. made a detail and sent for picks and spades. We didn't need any orders to go to work, every man went at it with all his might, and by 10 o'clock we had pretty fair shelter in our front, but no protection from the enfilade; then of our own accord we began digging traverse ditches for each company, so we now face north by companies, and in case of a general attack can resume our position in the line.

Gen. Johnston, passing around the lines, noticed our traverses and asked what we "had so many ditches for."

"Just wait till the next bombshell comes along, and you will see what they are for."

The answer was barely finished when a shell came screeching over our heads, and the General replied, "The explanation is satisfactory," and rode off laughing.

The remainder of our brigade (Buford's) is on Featherston's left. The enemy charged them during the day, and were repulsed with a loss of 70 on our side; supposed to be much heavier on the other. Jackson's cavalry captured some more artillery. "Popping caps" don't scare 'em now.

July 12.—We slept in the ditches last night. The shells passing over did not disturb us, except occasionally when one would burst too close. The enemy charged Stovall's Brigade and were handsomely repulsed with the loss of three stands of colors, 250 prisoners, and 600 or 800 killed and wounded. The colors belong to the 28th, 33d, and 41st Ill. They are beautiful silk flags, two of them blue battle-flags, the other the Stars and Stripes, besmeared with the blood of its late bearer. Skirmishing and shelling has been brisk all day. Our company was detailed as skirmishers; went to the front, but held in reserve behind a little hill, where we were not exposed, and got a good night's sleep.

FIGHTING ALL DAY.

July 13.—This morning we relieved the company which has been on the skirmish-line during the night, deployed 10 paces apart, took position behind logs, trees, and stumps, and began popping away, often at random when there was no enemy in sight. We kept up a constant firing all day, but both sides being fairly protected, little damage was done. Late in the evening we were relieved by the 1st Miss. battalion of sharpshooters, and retired to our line of works.

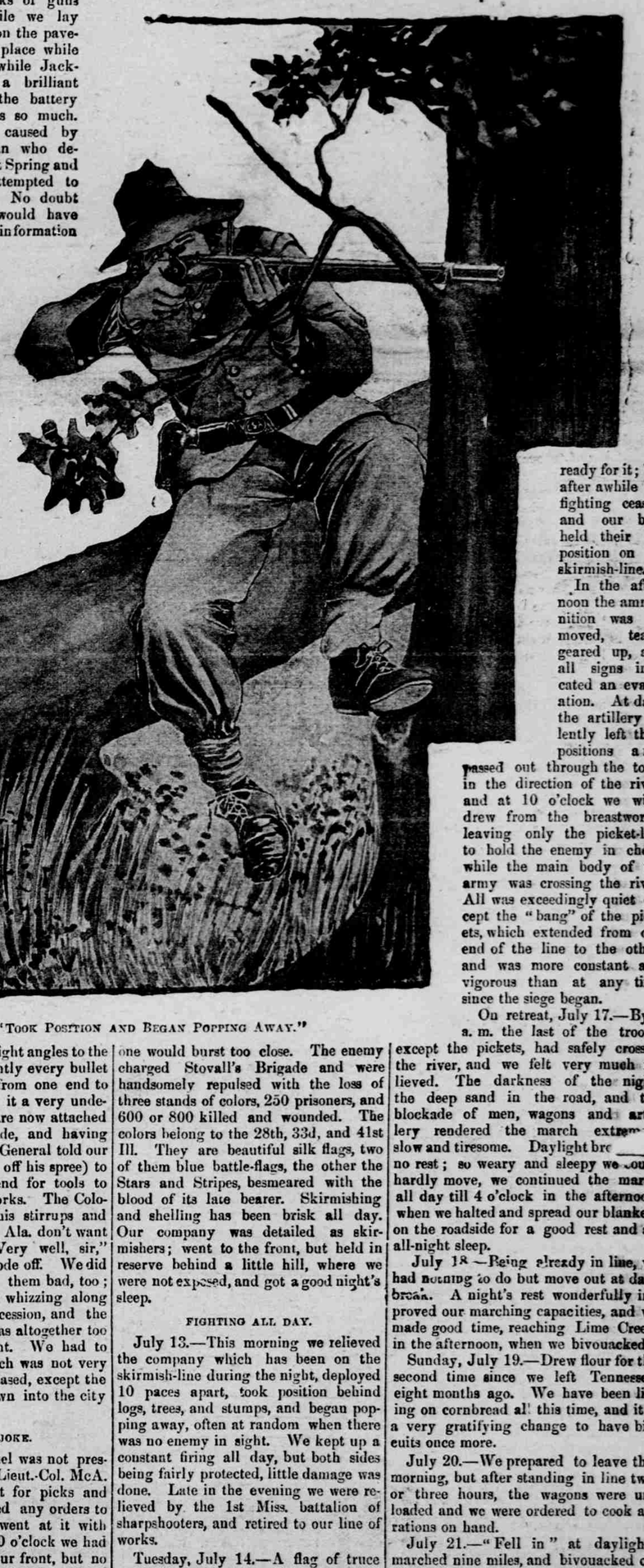
Tuesday, July 14.—A flag of truce was raised and propositions made and accepted to cease operations and bury the dead. The bang of small-arms and thunder of cannon ceased, and everything was quiet, a pleasant respite from the exciting times of the last five days. Many of us met the boys in blue on "half-way" ground and held friendly intercourse while the gruesome work was being carried on. At 4 p. m. "recess" was over and we hastened back to our posts.

Jackson, Miss., July 15.—We slept in the ditches again, and shelling continued all night. The Yankees have a gun that annoys us considerably. It fires every five minutes "by the watch," and has the exact range of our regiment. We keep a man from each company on the breastworks all the time to watch for the smoke in daylight and the flash at night. When he sees it he yells "look out," and all who are out jump into the ditch, and in this way we dodge the shell, which comes "swishing" down the line.

A negro spy was hung to-day. He acknowledged that the enemy gave him $40 to find out our strength, weak points, etc. Said he was not afraid to die, and would go "straight to glory."

Skirmishing has been heavier all around the line than usual.

July 16.—The five-minute gun ceased last night, after a continuous firing for 36 hours. Slow shelling and skirmishing continues. The enemy drove in the skirmishers in front of Adams's Brigade, and attempted to plant a battery nearer our line. The Confederates charged and drove them back, and a fierce little battle raged for an hour or more. We thought a general engagement would ensue, and everybody was in the ditches ready for it; but after awhile the fighting ceased, and our boys held their old position on the skirmish-line.



"Took Position and Began Popping Away."

In the afternoon the ammunition was removed, teams geared up, and all signs indicated an evacuation. At dark the artillery silently left their positions and passed out through the town in the direction of the river, and at 10 o'clock we withdrew from the breastworks, leaving only the picket-line to hold the enemy in check while the main body of the army was crossing the river. All was exceedingly quiet except the "bang" of the pickets, which extended from one end of the line to the other, and was more constant and vigorous than at any time since the siege began.

On retreat, July 17.—By 2 a. m. the last of the troops, except the pickets, had safely crossed the river, and we felt very much relieved. The darkness of the night, the deep sand in the road, and the blockade of men, wagons and artillery rendered the march extremely slow and tiresome. Daylight brought no rest; so weary and sleepy we could hardly move, we continued the march all day till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we halted and spread our blankets on the roadside for a good rest and an all-night sleep.

July 18.—Being already in line, we had nothing to do but move out at daybreak. A night's rest wonderfully improved our marching capacities, and we made good time, reaching Lime Creek in the afternoon, when we bivouacked.

Sunday, July 19.—Drew flour for the second time since we left Tennessee, eight months ago. We have been living on cornbread all this time, and it is a very gratifying change to have biscuits once more.

July 20.—We prepared to leave this morning, but after standing in line two or three hours, the wagons were unloaded and we were ordered to cook all rations on hand.

July 21.—"Fell in" at daylight, marched nine miles, and bivouacked on the bank of a muddy creek.

July 22.—Making up pay-roll to-day. Gen. Loring says we are going to get our money this time sure. All right,